

ON THE ROOF.

He Didn't Want to Seize the Opportunity, but She Did.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.
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"We've time enough yet to take a look at the city from the top of the Securities building. It's worth seeing, you know."

Prudence should have vetoed the suggestion. For the longer half of the blissful afternoon Viola had been aware that Raymond's eyes were saying more than they should and that their mute eloquence was singularly sweet and satisfying. Considering the fact that she was as good as engaged to another man, discretion counseled flight. A voice within, an authoritative voice, cried out that at the best the day would soon be over and urged her to make the most of it.

Viola compromised. "Mr. Raymond suggests our getting a view of the city from the top of one of the skyscrapers," she said, turning to her out of town guests. "If you are not too tired"—And her heart leaped at the prospect of their protests.

She walked beside Raymond silently, glad that he, too, seemed to have nothing to say. She was frightened to find herself clinging so fiercely to the joy of that afternoon together. He had come upon them quite by accident, but Viola knew that but for her he would have lifted his hat and gone his way. The gladness that leaped to her eyes at the sight of him, the tremor in her voice as she spoke his name, had been his undoing—and hers. They had lunched and taken a drive along the boulevards. Viola's country cousins had had the time of their lives. And now the western sky was red, and the time for saying goodby was near.

They stood looking down upon the city. Raymond, as in duty bound, pointed out the objects of interest. The country cousins hung upon his words and declared that they would not have missed the sight for anything. As for Viola, she had no eyes for the crawling streets between the steep cliffs of brick and stone nor for the crawling creatures far below. Brazenly she feasted her eyes upon him.

He turned suddenly and looked into her eyes, and his own caught fire. A moment later they were standing together in an angle of the roof, sheltered from the view of their companions. The noise of the city below them seemed far away.

Raymond broke the spell by a downward gesture. "I wish it were all mine."

"You mean the whole town? What greediness!" she laughed.

"So that I could give it all to you."

"Thank you, but I'm not ambitious to be a plutocrat. Of course one must have the things one is used to. Poverty is the worst of all."

"Is it?" Her eyes challenged hers.

"Oh, don't! You make it so hard for me!"

"You make it hard for yourself when you fight against your heart."

"Oh, you don't understand, Phil. It isn't as if I had only myself to think of."

"Do you ever give a thought to me?"

She put her hands over her ears in sudden tremor. If she listened longer she was lost. "I must go," she said hurriedly. "I've stayed longer than I should, but it was so pleasant." She turned in a panic and fled across the roof, and he followed slowly. When he overtook her her eyes were dilated.

"They're gone!" she gasped.

"Who?"

"Why, Leonard and Bessie. What could have induced them to go without us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But they will be waiting for us below without doubt."

He tried the door, rattled the knob sharply and met questioning gaze with a blank stare. "We're locked up here," he exclaimed. Then as Viola laughed hysterically he added in haste: "Don't be frightened. It will be very easy to attract some one's attention."

Half an hour later, flushed and dripping with perspiration as a result of his fruitless exertion, he acknowledged his mistake. "Your cousins must have thought we had gone down before them. But after they get home and we fail to make our appearance it will of course occur to somebody that we're still up here. And the only thing to do is to resign ourselves to wait with what patience we can muster."

She looked at him reproachfully, but he did not meet her eyes. He sat some distance from her, staring moodily at the roof. Furtively Viola put back her veil and smoothed her hair. Apparently her appearance was to him a matter of complete indifference. He never turned his eyes.

Her sense of resentment found voice at last. "Are you going to sit here in absolute silence? Haven't you anything to say?"

"I have plenty to say, but I can't say it without taking advantage of the situation."

A long silence; then Raymond felt the slipping of a small hand down his sleeve. "I rather think, Phil," said a tremulous voice, "that I want you to take advantage of the situation."

Help was long in coming. As the darkness fell Viola drew closer, and her hand stole into his of its own accord.

It was a night without a star, and for that reason it was the more startling when suddenly a blinding illumination lit up the space where they sat. Viola shrieked and hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"Only a searchlight, dearest. Rather

startling on this pitch black night, wasn't it?"

Viola blushed in his arms. "Phil, do you suppose anybody saw?"

"The young man smiled. 'Perhaps,' he acknowledged. 'In fact, little girl, I rather hope somebody did.'"

Fifteen or twenty minutes later the sound of approaching footsteps told them that release was at hand. Raymond shouted. There was a sound of a key turning in the lock. A grinning policeman and the watchman of the building confronted them. Explanations were exchanged. The elevator had stopped running at 6 o'clock, and the two young people descended the endless flights of stairs as blithely as if they were walking on air.

Viola's home was in an uproar. The story brought by the country cousins had aroused grave suspicions, which Viola's mother explained as she clung to her daughter.

"It couldn't have happened at a more unfortunate time. To begin with, Mr. Pickering was annoyed. He makes such a hobby of punctuality, you know. And then when Leonard and Bessie came in—"

She raised her head from Viola's shoulder and looked sharply at the young man who had escorted her daughter home. Raymond bore her scrutiny in silence. It was Viola who prompted her impatiently.

"Go on, mamma. When Leonard and Bessie came in—"

"It was, of course, entirely absurd," declared Viola's mother persistently, addressing herself to Raymond, "but one must make allowances for a lover's natural jealousy. When Leonard and Bessie said that you had been with them all afternoon and that you and Viola had suddenly disappeared the poor man jumped to the conclusion that you had—eloped."

"There was an impressive silence, which Viola improved by removing her hat."

"Of course we must explain at once," Viola's mother continued. "Would it be better for you to phone him, Viola, or will you send him a note? Perhaps you had better phone him and say you are sending the note. You see, it is important that the matter should be cleared up without delay."

"I don't know that it's worth while to make explanations, mamma," she said. "It is true I didn't have any intention of eloping; but, just the same, I'm going to marry Phil."

What Wearied Him.

A friend once asked an aged man what caused him to complain so often at eventide of pain and weariness.

"Alas," replied he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Well, well," commented his friend, "you are busy indeed! But I didn't know that you had anything to do with a menagerie. How, then, do you make that out?"

"Why," continued the old man, "listen. Two falcons are my eyes, which I must guard diligently; the two hares are my feet, which I must keep from walking in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my hands, which I must train to work, that I may provide for myself and those dependent on me as well as for a needy friend occasionally; the serpent is my tongue, which I must keep ever bridled lest it speak unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have a continual fight lest evil things come out of it, and the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."

Had the Effect.

"Yes," she said in answer to something he had said, "the old songs are very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Beautiful hardly describes them. They are—they are—well, compared with them the songs of today are trash, the veriest trash."

"I agree with you, yet the old songs sometimes contain sentiments that one cannot wholly approve."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an illustration. There is John Howard Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?"

"Why not?" he asked warmly. "Why not?"

"Because," she said, glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of 11—"because there is a line in that song which says 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?"

"Then he coughed a hollow cough and at last went silently out into the night."

She is So Sensitive.

"I wish some persons weren't so all-fired sensitive and ready to see an insult when none is intended," remarked the man with the troubled look, looking for sympathy. "Now, last night I got myself into an awkward fix just trying to be agreeable and to please everybody. I went to see a young lady I think a great deal of—yes, I do think a great deal of her, but I wish she would be more sensible. Girl friend of hers was there, and it was her first visit since she'd sent a crazy looking, good for nothing decorated cup and saucer with scalloped edges as a birthday gift."

"When I was out shopping," the girl friend explained, "and saw that cup and saucer I just thought of you, Marguerite."

"How? Hand painted, isn't it?"

"Now, the recipient's complexion is natural, as any one can see, and there was no reason for her to be so chilly toward me the rest of the evening. Hang such sensitiveness!"—New York Telegram.

RETURNED THE PRIZE

A Trophy That Did Not Remain Long In Captivity.

THE MISSING COAT OF ARMS.

It Belonged to the American Consulate in Honolulu and Was Carried Off by a Party of English Middles—The Restoration and Apology.

"Speaking of old times on the coast," said an Oregonian, "reminds me of some of the sterling characters we had there. One was Governor McBride of Oregon. His first official duties were at Honolulu, where he was United States minister. King Kamehameha was the ruler at the time. The minister was a noble type of a man, the father of fourteen children, and a number of his sons became distinguished men in various professions. He was a true American, cast in an ultra patriotic mold, and many stories are told among the oldtimers of his patriotism and bravery."

"When McBride reached Honolulu he found there were no outward signs designating the American consulate or minister's office, so he had a large American coat of arms cut out of wood, gilded and decorated appropriately, and this was hung over the office door that all the world might see it. It was naturally a conspicuous object and of much interest to the public."

"One day an English man-of-war came into port. The sailors and midshipmen were given liberty, and, as often happens, some of them had hilarious times. Among the then midshipmen were Lord Gordon and Lord Beresford, who, like all midshipmen in from a long cruise, were out for a jolly time. Walking down the street, they did not fail to notice that Yankee coat of arms, and as Beresford was collecting bric-a-brac and curiosities it occurred to him and Gordon that this would be a fine addition to their collection, a trophy worth having. So they selected a time when the minister was away and the office closed, presumably at night, and took down the coat of arms, hired a native vehicle to carry it down to the dock and actually succeeded in getting it aboard without any of the ranking officers knowing anything about it."

"The next morning when the minister came down to the office his assistant said:

"'Mr. Minister, your bird's taken flight.'"

"'What do you mean?' asked his excellency.

"'Your coat of arms is gone,' replied the aid.

"'Gone where? Flown off?'"

"'Not exactly,' said the other. 'It's just disappeared.'"

"The minister walked out into the street and looked up. The coat of arms, which was five or six feet across, was 'noticeable by its absence.' It had taken wings and flown away. Exactly what the minister said has not been chronicled."

"It so happened that Beresford had given the carriage driver an extra fare for his trouble. Some one discovered this and quickly reported it to the minister, who at once made a demand upon the captain of the frigate for its return. The captain, who was innocent, denied that the thing was aboard ship. The minister sent his evidence to the captain, reiterating his demand and demanding an apology for the insult."

"The captain now began an investigation, and the culprits owned up and took the coat of arms on deck, when it was promptly sent ashore and returned to the office of the minister. McBride, who was there, refused to receive it."

"Tell the captain of your frigate that I desire that the men who took it down bring it back, place it where they found it and apologize."

"Back to the ship went the men with the coat of arms and reported. The captain ordered the young men to go ashore, take the coat of arms to the consulate, replace it as they found it and apologize to the minister."

"It was doubtless a bitter pill, and the young midshipmen had to stand the badinage of their comrades. The two went ashore, ready to comply, and took the coat of arms to the consulate. The American minister had not put himself out to keep the matter quiet, and as a fact the public was well posted, and the consulate was surrounded by a crowd of Americans, natives and others, all laughing at the predicament of the young midshipmen."

"The minister had a strong sense of humor and determined to get all there was in it. He preserved his dignity as best he could as he received the young men and listened to their apologies. The midshipmen then took the coat of arms from the back and amid the cheers of the crowd climbed to the front of the building and placed it in position, then hurried down, followed by laughter and cheers."—O. F. Holder in New York Evening Post.

Delight of Varied Labor.

None but the fully occupied can appreciate the delight of suspended or, rather, of varied labor. It is toil that creates holidays. There is no royal road—yes, that is the royal road to them. Life cannot be made up of recreations. They must be garden spots in well farmed lands.—Mrs. Gilbert-Ann Taylor.

If a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it possible to thee.—Marcus Aurelius.

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SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

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No. 302—Evansville and Mattoon Express..... 11 39 a. m.

No. 338—Paducah—Central City Accommodation leaves..... 3 45 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 341—Hopkinsville mixed arrives..... 11:25 a. m.

No. 301—Evansville Express arrives..... 6:35 p. m.

No. 321—Evansville—Hopkinsville—Louisville Mail, arrives..... 3:40 p. m.

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